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TO THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Cart off your Old Campaign Properties and get a Decent Lot for the Next Election.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Keppler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.
Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, November 7th, 1888.—No. 609.

Puck this week contains 18 pages.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE ISSUE OF THE ELECTION is decided while this paper is on the press. Writing now, on the eve of the important day, we can honestly say that we wait that issue in the assured confidence that nothing but absolute fraud and treachery can defeat the re-election of Grover Cleveland. If he is defeated, the will of the people is defeated, for there can be no doubt that he is the choice of the majority. Even if the facts of the case were not conclusive on this point, there should be no ground for any doubt whatever on the subject. Here is a good President, the best President we have had in many years, who has served his country faithfully, who has shown, in the administration of his trust, dignity, statesmanship and patriotism, who is the leader of his party and its unanimous choice for re-election, who is at once the most courageous and the ablest supporter of the principles on which that party stands. The party undeniably contains a majority of the voters of all the States. Under his leadership it has attracted to itself a large body of independent voters, many of whom were formerly in the ranks of the opposing party. Why should there be any doubt of the success of such a candidate, under the circumstances described?

Doubt could fairly exist only under one of two supposable conditions. He might be defeated by treachery. But the essence of treachery is secrecy: to be effective, the victim must not know that the traitor designs his injury until the act of treachery is committed. It must therefore be a futile, as well as a disheartening task, to speculate beforehand on the existence of a body of political traitors large enough to defeat the will of their fellow-voters. The element of treachery must remain an unknown quantity until the vote is counted. We can calculate on the action of



IN UNION SQUARE.

OFFICER. — Come, you must move on, sir!
OLD OTARD (*who has dined too well*). — Sh! Don't you see that big fell' over there 'sh goin' to make a speech?
I 'm waitin' f' the rest o' the crowd to come!

men who openly secede from their party. They have no reason to fear the light of day. Their wisdom may be questioned; their good faith, even; but no one can seriously deny their right to act for themselves. But the man who professes to support a candidate and votes against him, is a secret malefactor who wrongs his party and the whole people, whether he acts out of malice, or gives his vote for a bribe of money, for favor, or in exchange for a vote for another candidate to whom he is faithful. And we hope that this class of scoundrels has not grown so large in the United States that it must be regarded as the controlling factor in a national election.

What then, is the other supposable condition? A general change of public opinion as to the principles which the candidate supports. Does this condition exist in the present case? Let us look at the facts. The one great principle under discussion is the principle of tariff reform. The Republican party desires the repeal of the entire internal revenue tax rather than the surrender of any part of the protective system. The Democratic party favors a moderate reduction of the tariff, and the admission of raw materials of manufacture free of duty. Is there a general sentiment against the proposition of the Democrats? We can not believe it. If there is, it is a change effected within six months, and it is a change that belies the life-long faith of a vast majority of both parties. For, from 1862, when Charles Sumner, speaking for the Republican party, said, in the 37th Congress: "It is in accordance with the principle of our system of taxation to exempt the raw material," to 1884, when the Republican party, assembled in its national convention, pledged itself "to reform the inequalities of the tariff," the Republican party, through its leaders, through the men it elected to office, through its newspapers, announced itself a tariff-reform party. It was the Republican party that made the present tariff, strictly as a war measure, temporary in its nature. It was the Republican party that reduced that tariff in 1883. To the policy thus followed by their leaders the rank and file of the Republican party have never, to our knowledge, taken exception. So that, if they have changed their views, they have changed them since the first contradictory official utterance—that of the convention held at Chicago in June of this year.

We do not believe that so sudden a conversion is possible. And if the majority of the Republicans are in favor of tariff reform, which seems clear by their own showing, and a majority of the Democrats are tariff-reformers, which seems undeniable, it must be that a majority of the voters are in favor of the programme of President Cleveland. The Republican party is in opposition to him; but that opposition does not spring from difference of opinion on this one vital question: it is based upon other grounds. In the case of the honest voters these grounds can only be dislike and distrust of the candidate and his party. And here we come to the real *crux* of the matter. If the Republican leaders can persuade the doubtful voters that Mr. Cleveland has made a bad president, that he is incompetent or insincere, that he says tariff reform and means free trade, that he is the friend of England and the enemy of his country — they can keep their party together.

We do not believe that they can accomplish the task. Grover Cleveland's record is open to the public. He has given us a good and economical administration, under which the country has prospered. He has accomplished needed reforms. He has worked mischief neither to rich nor to poor. He has begun the building of a navy. He has brought about none of the catastrophes which were prophesied to follow his election. It must be a dull and narrow-minded man who heeds those prophesies, now they are renewed. Moreover, he has come nobly through a campaign in which the one design of the Republican leaders was avowedly to "put him in a hole." They have dug their holes; but his honor and good faith lie in none of them. They tore up the treaty he made with Canada, and said that it was made in the interests of England. Mr. Cleveland's demand to be allowed to meet Canadian aggression by a wise system of retaliatory restrictions on her commerce proved his Americanism in a way they did not expect. And now the last of the traps they laid is sprung. They induced a stupid or malicious foreign envoy to meddle in our affairs. President Cleveland has vindicated the dignity of his country with decision and dignity.

The party leaders have done their worst, and have done it in vain. We believe that Grover Cleveland enjoys, as he deserves to enjoy, the confidence and respect of the people. Only treachery can cause his defeat at the polls. And neither treachery nor defeat can smirch his record as an honest and faithful public servant, and a wise and patriotic leader among men.

Puck's Pictorial Gazetteer

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XXV.

HARTFORD, CONN.



HARTFORD'S GREATEST DRAWBACK lies in the fact that it is only thirty-six miles from New Haven. The eternal city itself, if so located, would find it tough work to boom real estate.

Hartford is a pretty city, full of pretty girls and pretty buildings.

It has a highly successful lawn club, and an amateur dramatic society.

It has also a river—a river with a light blonde complexion.

A *sui generis* sort of river, which gurgle-gurples madly through Bushnell Park and joins the serene Connecticut a little distance away.

Hartford can neither sell nor give away this river. It is a thing of beauty, but not an unmitigated joy; and when Hartford people sing: "We Shall Meet Beyond the River," they put a depth of earnestness and pathos into it, (the song, not the river,) that impresses the average listener with their sincerity.

This river being of the earth earthy, Hartford's consolation lies in the belief that it will be dammed out of the hereafter.

Hartford has other things to feed her faith upon.

She lives in a sweet and beautiful hope that some day a grand upheaval of Nature will push Long Island Sound far enough up the Connecticut to drown that hoary-headed joke about her splendid harbor, and bury it in ten fathoms of salt water. At present, passengers by water from New York to Hartford, remove their shoes and stockings at Saybrook, and wade up. It is a great saving of time.

Hartford is literary, but not geographical.

When the bronze image of H. Wells found its present resting-place on Bushnell Park, this inscription was chiseled into the base:

"HORACE WELLS,
who discovered Anæsthesia."



And a pretty society girl, happening to pass that way, read the inscription and wrestled with the problem therein suggested until she reached home; and then, with her brow knotted with perplexity, she said to her sister:

"Millie, where *is* Anæsthesia?"

No! Hartford is *not* geographical.

Hartford was settled by the Dutch, and has her "Dutch Point."

New Haven has an "Oyster Point," and was presumably settled by—but we are straying from the subject.

Some of the original settlers remain in Hartford; but they are neatly tucked away in the various cemeteries, and never disturb inoffensive travelers.

There are some sad things about Hartford.

One of them is the shady side of Asylum Street on a cold day.

Travelers who have made the North Pole a specialty, assert that they always feel at home on Asylum Street.

I have seen rows of strong men, caught on Asylum Street after sunset in the early autumn, frozen in their tracks, and compelled to wait there until the next day's sun should thaw them out.

This is a rather fishy story, I admit; but you must remember its source.

It was a Hartford man who discovered shad.

Another sad thing is that strange delusion which possesses every citizen of Hartford—that the city is to have a new union railroad station.

This libel probably originated in New Haven.

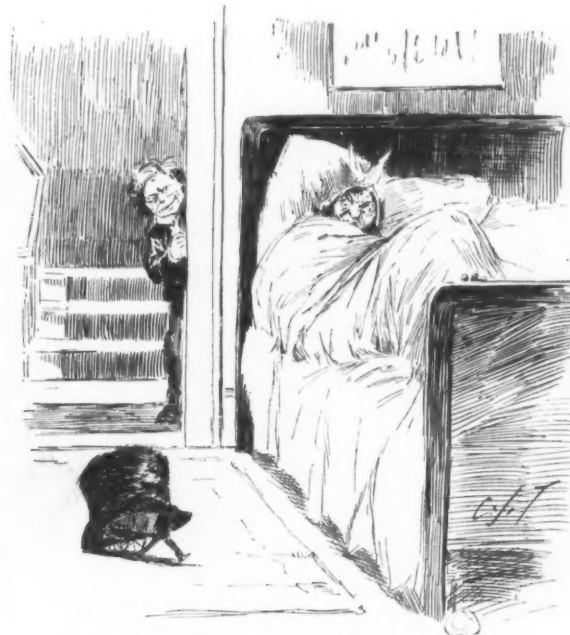
W. S. Case.



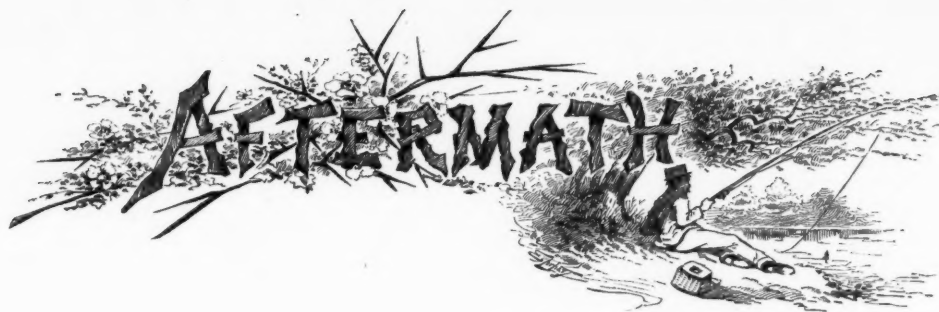
TRANSFERRED MECHANISM.



MR. HENNESSY MARTEL (seeing one of those walking-men toys on the street).—Blessed if I don't buy you one of those, to encourage your inventive genius, my boy!



(Early the next morning, after the inventive genius has got in its fine work).—Gimme one more chance, good Mr. Satan, an' I'll t-t-try t-t-to reform!



I.
I sat me down and mused, one day,
Beside a river's wandering way —
"My soul, why hangs this burdening weight?"
The murmuring stream methought did say:
"You caught your fish, too late — too late!"



II.
The darkening clouds droop low, surge by,
In heavy masses 'cross the sky —
"Be patient, heart, you yet must wait!"
The angry winds they seemed to cry:
"You shot your bird, too late — too late!"

III.
I roamed among the forest trees
Whose gnarled forms swayed before the breeze —
"Is life of woes thus intricate?"
Loud o'er the tempest's rage were these:
"You've treed that 'possum late — too late!"

IV.
High up the mountain's craggy side,
Past beetling rock and yawning slide —
"Shall sorrow never know abate?"
Back came the knell from fissures wide:
"You've struck the fox-trail late — too late!"



V.
Nor summit bleak, nor spreading shore,
Thro' forests wild, by water's roar —
"I can not thwart relentless Fate;
Shall peace for me be never more?"
"You've 'caught on' life too late — too late!"
Inda Barton Hays.

DEATH OF A "STEP-LIVELY."

A conductor of the Third Avenue elevated road lay at the point of death.

"John," said his wife, bending over him, "can I do any thing for you? Would you like a taste of water?"

"Yes," replied the dying man; "and step lively, please."

AN INACCESSIBLE DEPOSITORY.

KIRBY STONE.—I say, Tupper, how about that five dollars you borrowed from me two months ago?

ANGY TUPPER.—Oh, that's all right! I've kept it in mind.

KIRBY STONE.—You have, eh? I thought you'd spent it. Is n't this a good time to relieve your mind of it?



REPUBLICS ARE ALWAYS UNGRATEFUL.

MRS. FINNEGAN (*accosting* PROMINENT PATRIOT).—Could n't yer Honor help a poor woman whose hushan' has lost his liberty in the sarvice av his country? Sure, me ould man war sint to the Island for votin' twice for Jedge McFingal!

PROMINENT PATRIOT (*turning coldly away*).—Yis; and if it had n't been for such like fools as him, who wint and got found out, Oi'd have been elicted th' day. Me name's McFingal, mum!

A SURE SIGN.

FIRST GENTLEMANLY STRANGER (*exchanging cards with* SECOND GENTLEMANLY STRANGER).—My name is Wilkinson — John Wilkinson.

S. G. S.—And mine is Washington Clay Franklin.

F. G. S. (*surprised*).—Indeed? Why, I would never have thought you were a Jew!

"PLEASED WITH A RATTLE, TICKLED WITH A STRAW."

MISS CHATTY LA FITE.—That was an awfully clever dialect story that Mr. Gibbon read us this evening!

MR. CARPER.—Delightful! He told me privately that he did n't understand a word of it.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

MR. J. PARKER.—There are Trimble-Hawkins and his wife. They are a handsome couple, are n't they?

MISS CHARITY BALL.—Oh, yes, they are quite distinguished-looking; but do you know they say that at home they quarrel scandalously; and, besides that, Mrs. Trimble-Hawkins absolutely neglects every household duty, and her children are a perfect disgrace!

MR. J. PARKER.—Oh, you know her then?

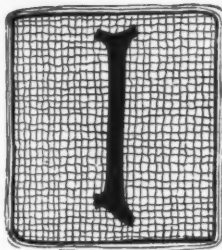
MISS CHARITY BALL.—Yes, indeed; I am her best friend!

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

The young poet who was grieved at the "absence of individual criticism" on his rejected manuscript, did n't know how much the editor had spared his feelings by that silence. Thus are good deeds oft times buried in darkness.*

*I once received some work back, endorsed: "Oh, rot!"—*Author's Note to Editor.*

THE INTERROGATIVE AGE.



It was half-past eight. The boy was tired enough to fall asleep in a boiler-foundry; but he had bent the entire force of his will on the problem of keeping awake, and he was just awake enough as the clock struck the half-hour to ask his two hundred and forty-seventh question.

"Pa," he said; "if you had a horse and I had a colt, and you got on my colt and I got on your horse, which would be the biggest?"

Then his father laid down the paper which he had been endeavoring to read ever since dinner, and took the weary boy upon his knee.

"Robert, my son," he said; "I am glad you spoke, for it reminds me that I have a few questions to ask you. Why have I a few questions to ask you, Robert? You don't know? Why don't you know? Because you don't know? Why because? Because why? Why because why? Oh, because? Well, why oh, because? Come, wake up, Robert, you can't go to sleep yet. And why can't you go to sleep? Because I won't let you? Quite right, my son; you have more intelligence than I gave you credit for. And why won't I let you go to sleep? Because I keep asking you questions? Quite right. And why do I keep asking you questions? You don't know? Oh, that is n't the answer. Rouse up, my son, open your eyes and answer me. You exhibited intelligence before; continue the exhibition. Why do I keep asking you questions? Because I said I would? Quite right. And why did I say I would? I am sorry to be obliged to pinch you, Robert, and also to have to rebuke you for crying out so loud; but I can not permit you to fall asleep until my questions are satisfactorily answered. Why did I say I would ask you questions? Don't cry out so loud, Robert, when I pinch you, or I shall have to proceed to extremities. Do you know what I mean by proceeding to extremities? No? Why don't you know? Wake up, Robert, and cease sniveling. Why don't you know what I mean, Robert? And why don't you want to keep awake and answer my questions? Because you're sleepy? That's no reason. Do you know why that's no reason? No? Why no?"

Here Robert's mother interfered, and snatched the slumberous weeper to her maternal bosom.

"It's a shame, John," she cried, indignantly. "You're torturing the poor child, and I'm sure it's bad for his brain."

"No, my dear," said her husband, as he resumed his paper; "I have simply endeavored to impress upon Robert's mind, by a simple system of practical exemplification, how annoying his habit of asking senseless questions is."

"Well, I'm going to put him to bed right off," said Robert's mother, as she bore Robert off in her arms. But just at the door Robert opened his eyes a narrow crack, and inquired sleepily:

"Pa, why is my habit of asking senseless questions annoying?"

MADAME JUVENAT observed: "The higher a man's self-esteem, the lower his faculty for suffering becomes." Col. Ochiltree was drawn and quartered last week; but carelessly picked up the pieces and walked off.

TWO BUFFALO GIRLS are conducting a drug store. It is a curious fact that they are always out of soda-water.

A CANARY THAT can sing and won't sing, ought to be given a medal.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S RISE was so sudden, that it is no wonder that some Cincinnati people allude to him as the Geyser.



A BREAK IN THE MONOTONY.

HOST.—Great Caesar! is that young Toggles drunk or crazy, to come here in that rig?

HOSTESS.—Hush, William! he has only lost a wager on the election, by the terms of which he must wear his coat like that all Winter. He's quite the hero of the evening.



A DANDY APPETITE.

TRAMP.—Do you people eat this kind of fodder?
BENEVOLENT DRESSMAKER.—Yes, we do. Ain't it good enough for you?

TRAMP.—Hardly, mum, hardly. It's good enough, I suppose, for people who have to work for a living, but not for a person like me, traveling merely for recreation.

IN THE GREAT MAN'S ANTE-ROOM.

COM. MUTER (*in an awe-stricken tone*).—Who is that distinguished-looking man over there, surrounded by the crowd—is he the President of the road?

DR. UMMER.—Guess not; but from his haughty and freezing air I fancy he must be the President's Second-Assistant Secretary!

A MINE OF INFORMATION.

MR. BLEECKER STREET.—Young Salter seems to be pretty well posted on matters regarding Atlantic travel. I suppose he has been across several times?

MR. HANOVER SQUEER.—Never; but he was once a clerk on one of the New York docks.

THE BOY KNEW.

TEACHER (*to class in Natural Science*).—What kind of light do we get from the Sun?

SCHOLAR.—Solar light, sir.

TEACHER.—Very good. Now, Tommy Briggs, tell us what kind of light we get from the moon?

TOMMY BRIGGS.—Satel-light.

THE EMPEROR OF China is to be married at a cost of \$2,500,000. With most men, a marriage of this sort would be a failure.

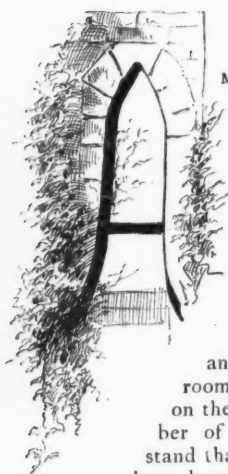
A HEATED TERM—"Go to —!"

A TIRESOME STATE—"O-heigh-ho."

A LEVEL HEAD—Sheepshead.

EDGEWISE—The Child That Has Played with Sharp Tools.

ART.



MAN WHO visited a picture gallery recently stood petrified with astonishment at what he heard and saw.

"What a chasm," he exclaimed, "between Literature and Art! Here, works that have had 'honorable mention' are universally admired, while in literature it is only those with dishonorable mention that pay for printing." He then purchased a book by Mrs. Chanler, in order to investigate the phenomenon in its greatest profundity.

ART IS ADVANCING in this country. The picture of the master of the house, and his wooden wife, and his ancestors, have been banished from the parlor to the bedroom. If people would now ask themselves confidentially (and on the side) why the sleeping-chamber should be made a chamber of horrors, art might advance a step farther. We understand that there is a certain respect due parents for the love they have borne their children; but we think that if this respect necessitates that sleeping-rooms be garnished with purple ancestors in walnut frames, these should be so arranged that they will slide into their places on the wall after guests have got to bed.

A FRIEND of ours came to us the other day full of notes on Nature, gleaned from an art gallery. "It is perfectly splendid," he said; and then he sighed as he compared his new standards with what he saw about him. "This Park here is not right. The leaves on the trees should not form a round crown of plain color; they should be in the form of a wall, half of them one shade of green, the other half another, arranged on the system of a checker board. There should also be some exquisite pink roses growing on an unseen trellis against the leaf-wall; and, of course, the sky should be some color to match. Ah, ah! You don't get the effect of atmosphere here. But, above all, there should be a young woman on a rustic seat, and her tones should be such as to agree with—to harmonize with the leaf-wall and the roses. This young lady should measure about one foot in circumference, and should be looking at a half-opened letter lying on the gravel, which should be very effective. The flesh-tints should be brought out with a master-hand; but to know any thing about flesh-tints, you will have to go right to the latest paintings. The tones of the actual human epidermis are—something that art has quite passed beyond.

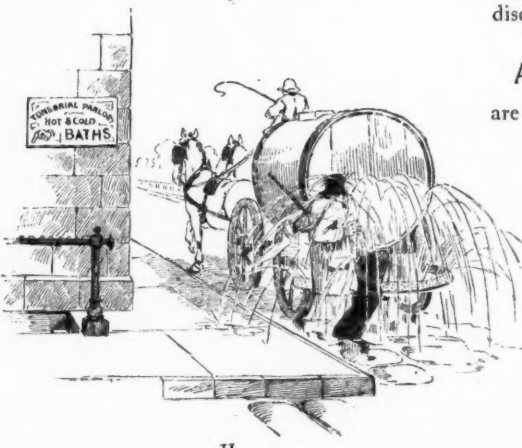
Williston Fish.

THE AUTOCRATIC walking-delegate seems to act on the principle that "the injury of all is the concern of one." If any workman doubts this, let him try to raise his voice against the will of the aforesaid autocrat.

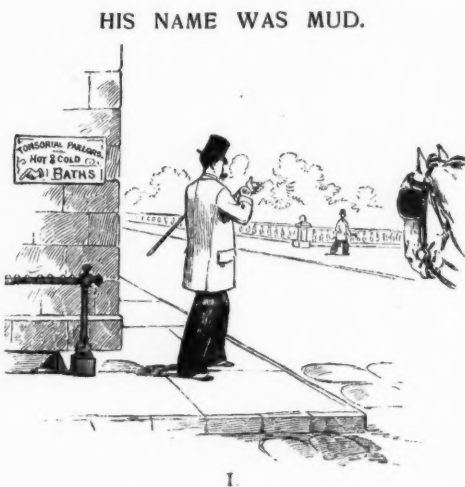
THE PAPERS say that "wine is disappearing from the table." It goes under it, probably, with the drinkers.



III.



II



I.

HIS NAME WAS MUD.



NO CONTRIBUTIONS to the "Is-Marriage-a-Failure" discussion have yet arrived from Salt Lake City.

A^N EDITORIAL in the current *Century*, entitled: "Who Is the Genuine Party Man?" is unsigned. Ward McAllister would like to identify the author.

A MAN WHO does n't do very much of any thing except to write occasionally for the newspapers, met another man one day, and said to him: "My friend, why am I like an artificial rose?"

"Oh!" said the other man, wearily, as he put his hand in his pocket, "I suppose it's because you have n't a cent about you."

"Wrong," said the literary man, "it is because I manage to get along without nourishment." And, as he buttoned his Prince Albert close up around his neck, the winter wind blew him around the corner.

DOWNES.—Say, Angy, if Prohibition ever comes into effect, it'll be bad on the pumps. They'll all go dry, won't they?

TUPPER.—No, Upson; but *we* will. Let 's—And they did.

WHEN A CHARMING young lady comes into your office and smilingly announces that she wants to ask you a few questions regarding the possibility of improving New York's moral tone, don't stop to parley. Just say: "Excuse me, Nellie Bly," and shin down the fire-escape.

MC STREET.—For gracious's sake, old boy, what are you going to do with that old campaign helmet?

VAN AVENUE.—Why, I won a hat from Job Lott on the election, and this is what he sent me.

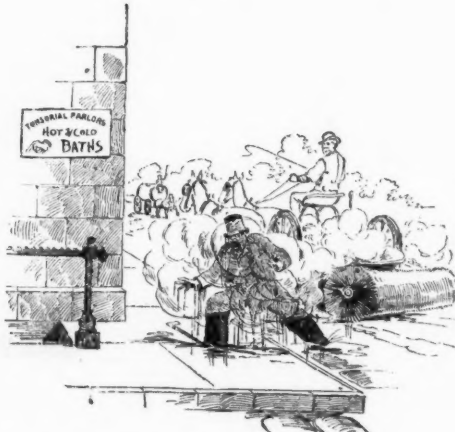
THERE COMES a time in a man's life when not a glimmer of light illumines the blackness; and, while gray matter is being agitated to get at the particular application of this assertion, a thought ploughs its way in to the effect that it must be on the morning of the day he wakes up and finds that his fifteen-year-old boy has just discovered that his father's collars fit him.

ALWAYS REMOVE your hat when saluting a lady, Algy. Even the boughs of the trees are made bare at this season.

THE WESTERN BLIZZARD will soon be abroad in the land, and it will presently be in order for the small towns that poked fun at New York last March to appeal to their big sister for assistance.

THE MAN who ran against himself on Election day, mistook a mirror for the café door.

WE SUSPECT that the upper ten includes the winning nine and the umpire.



IV.



V.



THE PRICE OF SUCCESS.

TOM BIGBEE.—Why, Downes, you're quite a swell!
UPSON DOWNES (*somewhat ruefully*).—Ye-es; I was unlucky enough to win an election hat, and I could n't rest until I'd got a new suit to match it. I tell you, Tom, success sometimes comes pretty high in this world!

A JUVENILE PHILANTHROPIST.

"Mama," said Ethelred, "I heard Papa reading in the paper the other day that bread had gone up, and a good many little boys and girls did n't have enough to eat."

"Yes, Ethelred; it is very sad."

"Well, Mama, I was thinking that you could give the poor little boys my share of bread and butter if — if you'd only give me cake instead!"

A CRY FOR IMPROVEMENTS.

MR. TENDAYS.—It's pretty cowl'd wor-r-rk sittin' in the parks now, Teddy. Bedad, whin Oi move an inch out av de sunshine, it freezes all de whishkey in me veins!

MR. EAGLE.—Yis; and, if we had a dacint city government, they'd be rather makin' the present parks more habitable than thinkin' av openin' new ones. It's houses wid shoves in them that the parks do be needin'!

AFTER THE PROPOSAL.

MISS PENELOPE.—Before I give you an answer, Marshal, I want you to know that I believe the married state to be simply a reinforced condition for the better amelioration of the wrongs and sufferings of women. Do you understand me?

MR. MALLOW.—I think I do; and, if you'll allow me, I'll hedge a little. Won't you be a sister to me?

OLD BILL ON THE TARIFF.

"Cullud folk gone 'stractid, runnin' 'bout o' nights! Call deysel's talkin' politics!"

"Hit do ve'y well ter talk 'bout tariffyin' wimmen and chillern; but ef all de sights I be'n see endurin' o' de war ain' tariffy ole Bill, wid de shells bussin' over my haid, an' minie balls buzzin' in my yers lek bumble-bees, ole Bill ain' gwine git tariffed at none o' der dern nornsense."

"An' all de potection I axes is a fenst strong enuff ter potek my corn-patch fum ole Mars William's mizzable barb-tail bull."



A NATURAL ERROR.

NEAR-SIGHTED FRIEND (*to BUSINESS MAN, who is showing him through the manufactory*).—My dear fellow, what possessed you to hang that exquisite impressionist sketch in this noisy, humdrum, matter-of-fact place?



HARDLY A DELICACY.

MRS. UNGIWUNDI.—What is wrong with my Lord Ongawangus?

MR. UNGIWUNDI.—He has eaten of the strange food of the men who came in the great ship that did not entirely arrive! Wow!!

ADVICE TO AN ASPIRING POET.

NEVER WRITE A POEM beginning About Ben any thing. Keep your hair cut.

Don't write poetry unless you are forced to do so, either by hunger, or by the enthusiasm of your muse.

Do not be cast down because you receive \$2.50 instead of \$250 for your first effort.

If possible, avoid rhyming "castanet" with "piano-forte," "frolic" with "cow-lick," or "Niagara" with "Tipperary."

Don't call on the editor any oftener than you can help; and don't feel hurt if he says he is out. He frequently says that without meaning it.

Never despise work that comes your way unsolicited. Writing advertisements is a profitable vocation; they are sure to be printed, and are much more popular with the masses than Odes, Sonnets, or French forms.

It is a bad plan to copy one of Byron's shorter poems, and sign your name to it.

If you have three sections to your name, connect the last two by means of a hyphen, and cast the first to the winds, if you wish to; but do not try to gain admission to the Author's Club on the strength of this proceeding alone.

NOW THAT it has been decided that the moisture in iron ore is subject to a tariff of seventy-five cents per ton, the odor in Limburger cheese should be rated as a perfume, and pay a higher rate of duty.

AS USUAL, the "parties sold to the rum-power" have poured cold water on the hopes of Prohibitionists; but these gentry should n't kick against their favorite beverage.

A CYNICAL CORRESPONDENT says that a close shave in a country barber-shop is about as satisfactory as eating wine jelly with your fingers in a dark room.

OUR RECENT weather has been strikingly like the wet reign of bibulous Charles II.; and the whole nation has risen as one Macaulay to denounce it.

THE *Sun* is the Democratic paper knife.

A CORYPHEE is a true artist, because she does not depend on her wardrobe for success.

THE DERBY caps the climax of the election-bet.

THE CONFECTIONER is supposed to make his candy over a bon-bon fire.



A SHOP LIFTER.



J. Ottmann. Lith. PUCK BUILDING, N. Y.

PUCK'S PRESIDENTIAL PUZZLE
 UNCLE SAM. — Well, poor old John, you've been pretty well worked this campaign. You go home and take a rest, and I'll look at

PUCK.



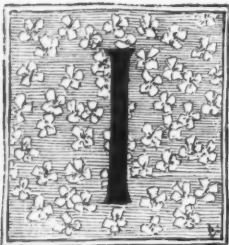
PUZZLE - PICTURE FOR 1888.

and I'll look around here and see where Keppler has hidden the portraits of the President-Elect and all the Defeated Candidates.

THE ASSEMBLYMAN'S BRIDE.

A TALE OF AMERICAN HIGH LIFE — ALL NATIVE TITLES.

By the American Duchess—OUIDA.



WONDER IF he will come," murmurs Maud, languidly, as she lies in statuesque repose in her hammock, while the soft June breeze plays with her wavy chestnut hair and scatters snow-white blossoms at her feet. Through the branches of the swaying vine, whose foliage darkens the cool piazza, the golden sunlight shimmers down and touches the perfect oval face with tender, checkered caress. There is the hum of many insects in the air; at the foot of the lawn the salt waves break in seething foam on the rock-bound shore; the branches of the tall locust-trees commune together in whispers and sighs of exquisite softness, while far

overhead is the splendid blue sky, dotted with fleecy clouds of brilliant whiteness.

And yet, as Maud Mahoney lies in her hammock with a half-closed volume in one hand, while the fingers of the other toy with the silken ears of the superb dog beside her, she looks bored.

And why should one be bored when one has youth and health and splendid dresses and fleet horses, and when the June sun is shining brightly? Is it worth nothing then to be the only daughter of Alderman Mahoney, the wealthiest summer resident of Stamwalk on the Sound? Can one be bored with the knowledge that a doting father has a "pull" of colossal dimensions at Albany?

But for all that Maud is bored — undeniably bored. She has been trying to read all the afternoon; but her book rests idly in her lap. She is waiting for the 4:38 express, which will thunder into the station, bearing the dashing young Assemblyman Billings, who comes ostensibly to consult her father in relation to the ash-barrel inspectorship in the 18th District, but in reality that he may sit on the moon-lit piazza and woo the daughter of the proud old politician, while the waves break on the distant shore, and the tall locusts whisper and murmur together, and the stars shine down in loving approval.

She has had many suitors ere this. She could have wed the eloquent young Tax Commissioner McGloin, the idol of the short-haired democracy of her father's ward, and the hero of many a hard-contested battle at the polls. She is known scornfully to have refused the hand of him who was then only Pardon Clerk Smiles, but is now known as the "Brazen-voiced Orator of the Assembly Chamber," and holds the black-and-tan vote of Bleecker Street in the hollow of his hand. Sewer Inspectors, Counsellors, Clerks of the Bureau of Arrearages, aye, even Aldermen and Congressmen have knelt before her — knelt and pleaded in vain.

Perhaps she is thinking of these triumphs now, for a smile lightens her face for a moment. Then the whistle of the train is heard, and she springs to her feet, radiant with delight. "I must go and fix myself," she exclaims: "I look like a fright."

There are but three gathered at the tea table in the evening, the Alderman, his daughter, and the young Assemblyman; and as they sit by the shaded lamps, the talk between the two men becomes confidential. Political schemes are hatched, and the most subtle mysteries of statecraft openly and almost carelessly discussed.

"I think they'll defeat us on that bill to cut down all the trees in Central Park," says the Assemblyman; "but it'll make them very unpopular with the working classes for preventing the poor man from getting a job that'd last him the winter through."

"Be the powers," rejoins the Alderman, "there's been a fearful kick made in my war-r-rud for 'fraid the bill won't pass. All the voters was countin' on it. Sure we'll have to do something 'twixt now 'n' election if we expect to hould the party together."

"I can tell you," replies the other, "there's a big opposition to

that bill up the River; and, for certain sure, Alderman Mahoney, if some of them members from the back counties don't get their price, there'll be a split-up in the party before November. I suppose it's sorrow a bit of help we'll get from that scalawag at Washington."

The Alderman brings down his clenched fist on the table with a fearful oath. He is famous for his curses. They have made the rafters of old Tammany Hall ring ere this while frenzied throngs howled their approval. He swore just such another oath at Chicago in '84, when the name of his party's nominee was made known to him.

"Bad cess to him!" he hisses between his clenched teeth; "I've been a worker in me war-r-rud this thirty odd year. I've been to primaries and served on committees, and done me whole duty as a Dimmycrat, and yet, when it comes to gettin' recognition, there ain't a swallow-tailed college student to be found but what's got the call on me. You mark me words, Assemblyman, there'll be a change one of these days, and then we'll see a true Dimmycrat of the ould school in the White House." And with these ominous words they rise from the table, and adjourn to the piazza.

The moon has risen now, and begun her stately march across the starlit sky. Her silvery rays fall on the old politician, who sits on the piazza dreaming of the days when he led his cohorts — "Mahoney's toughs" they called them — to victory in his district. And down by the shore, where the white-crested waves come hurrying in from the broad Sound, and dash against the cool, gray stones; there, with the locusts murmuring overhead, and the Summer's night keeping a silent watch with her thousand eyes, stands Maud, her head resting on the diagonal vest of the dashing young Assemblyman.

"Yes," she says, a wonderful smile lighting up her face as she turns it to his, "I can not doubt that you love me with all the fervor of the Lower House; but then, you know only too well what my father's ambition is. He has said long ago that I must marry a man with a pull. Oh, darling, why have you not a pull?"

"Alas!" rejoins her lover, "I have indeed a very slight pull — even in my own district. But it has occurred to me that if I can get your father's Central Park bill through next session, he will perhaps look more favorably upon my suit."

"Oh, Algernon!" exclaims the young girl, wringing her hands in bitterness of spirit; "that job will never go through. The hayseeds are all down on it."

"Never mind, my precious one," he says, as he presses a kiss on her brow; "I will do something ere long to convince your father that I have not quite lost my grip."

A year has flown, and now another splendid June evening finds the young lovers seated side by side

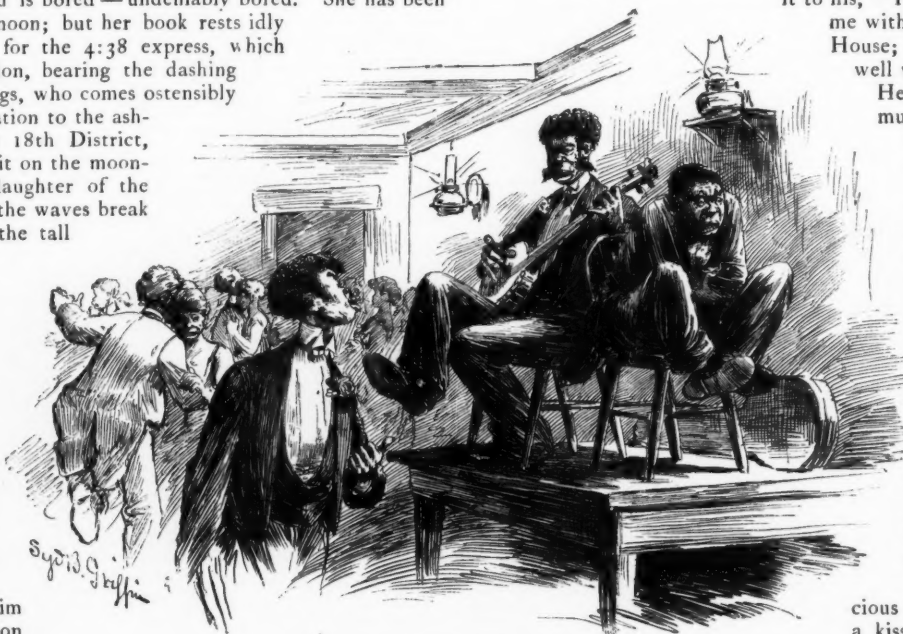
on the vine-hung piazza. They look tenderly and joyously into each other's eyes. All the sighing is done by the tall locust-trees described in a previous chapter.

The old Alderman approaches, but they do not draw apart from each other. He no longer opposes their union, for the handsome young member of the Lower House has shown that he has a pull. When the bill for cutting down the trees in Central Park was defeated by an unprecedented majority, and ominous murmurs of discontent were heard in the lower wards, Assemblyman Billings threw himself into the breach with a bill to tear up all the gas and water mains in New York and put them down again. With fiery eloquence he rushed the job through, although hayseed and swallow-tail fought shoulder to shoulder against it.

And so it came to pass that Alderman Mahoney's constituents got long and easy jobs on the big pipes, and the reins of power were placed again in the hands of the old Tammany chieftain, who dispensed his patronage with lavish hand wherever he thought it would do the most good.

Then the gallant young Assemblyman proudly claimed his bride, the Alderman gave them his blessing, and Maud Mahoney married a man with a pull.

J. L. Ford.



A VALID EXCUSE.

FLOOR MANAGER. — Whad's yo' pardner a-sulk-in' fer?

LEADER OF THE BAND. — Sulkin'? I reck'n yo'd sulk ef yo'd swallowed a harmonicum!



A HUMBLE MEMBER OF THE CRAFT.

JUSTICE. — What is your occupation, prisoner?

PRISONER. — I 'se a journalist, sah.

JUSTICE. — A journalist! The policeman here says that you 're a rag-picker.

PRISONER. — Must be some mistake, sah. I don't collect nuffin but ole newspapers.

BRITONS in search of ruins in this country are invited to inspect the November crop of used-up campaign uniforms.

BEFORE IT IS BORN.

Some Startling Statements of General Interest.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, on being asked when the training of a child should begin, replied, "A hundred years before it is born."

Are we to infer from this that this generation is responsible for the condition of the race a hundred years from now?

Is this wonderful generation the natural result of the proper diet and medicines of a hundred years ago?

It is conceded in other lands that most of the wonderful discoveries of the world in this century have come from this country. Our ancestors were reared in log cabins, and suffered hardships and trials.

But they lived and enjoyed health to a ripe old age. The women of those days would endure hardships without apparent fatigue that would startle those of the present age.

Why was it?

One of the proprietors of the popular remedy known as Warner's safe cure, has been faithfully investigating the cause, and has called to his aid scientists as well as medical men, impressing upon them the fact that there can not be an effect without a cause. This investigation disclosed the fact that in the olden times simple remedies were administered, compounded of herbs and roots, which were gathered and stored in the lofts of the log cabins, and when sickness came on, these remedies from nature's laboratory were used with the best effects.

What were these remedies? What were they used for? After untiring and diligent search they have obtained the formulas so generally used for various disorders.

Now the question is, how will the olden time preparations affect the people of this age, who have been treated, under modern medical schools and codes, with poisonous and injurious drugs? This test has been carefully pursued, until they are convinced that the preparations they now call Warner's Log Cabin remedies are what our much abused system requires.

Among them is what is known as Warner's Log Cabin sarsaparilla, and they frankly announce that they do not consider the sarsaparilla of so much value in itself as it is in the combination of the various ingredients which together work marvelously upon the system. They also have preparations for other diseases, such as "Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Log Cabin hops and buchu remedy," "Warner's Log Cabin hair tonic." They have great confidence that they have a cure for the common disease of catarrh, which they give the name of "Log Cabin rose cream." Also a "Log Cabin plaster," which they are confident will supplant all others, and a liver pill, to be used separately or in connection with the other remedies.

We hope that the public will not be disappointed in these remedies, but will reap a benefit from the investigations, and that the proprietors will not be embarrassed in their introduction by dealers trying to substitute remedies that have been so familiar to the shelves of our druggists. This line of remedies will be used instead of others. Insist upon your druggist getting them for you if he has n't them yet in stock, and we feel confident that these new remedies will receive approbation at our reader's hands, as the founders have used every care in their preparation.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

NEMESIS.

Now Farmer Oatcake comes to town
With spoil of summer boarders;
He 's greeted by the bunco man's
Seductive "Here 's toward us!"

Back to Podunk he plods dead broke,
Snarling at "thievin' city folk."

AN ARISTOCRATIC FAILURE.

Mrs. McCROCKDILE. — Henry, the disgrace is almost more than I can bear! With a private tutor for two years, six months in Europe, and unlimited resources, you allow yourself to be dropped from your class.

HARRY. — You ought not to grumble, Mother. The Duke of Portland had the same thing happen to one of his pet steeple-chasers the other day.

HE THINKS IT A SUCCESS.

"What is your opinion of the question now occupying so much space in the papers, 'Is marriage a failure?'" asked a gentleman of a new acquaintance.

"Well, I am emphatically of the opinion that marriage is a great success. Indeed, if it were not for marriage, my occupation, like Othello's, would be gone."

"Ah! May I ask your profession?"

"I am a divorce lawyer."

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

Mr. MORIARTY. — Oi 'll tek wan o' thim dinner-pails for tin cints.

SHOPKEEPER. — Here you are!

Mr. MORIARTY. — Wrop it oop in paper!

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BECAUSE whatever other periodicals may come into the family, the great reading world has found out that "no household can keep abreast of the times without THE CENTURY." It has been said, "Its success is explained by its contents."

BECAUSE the greatest writers of the world like to have their work read by the greatest number, and therefore to such a magazine as THE CENTURY the best naturally comes. It was for THE CENTURY that Gen. Grant first wrote his reminiscences of important battles; it was for it that the leaders "War Papers."

BECAUSE it is publishing the Life of Abraham Lincoln, by his private secretaries. Of this it has been said, "The young man who is not reading it robs himself of that which he will one day hunger for," and again, "The person who does not read it will be considered unintelligent; it is classic." The coming year presents the most important part of this great history, and it may be begun at any time.

BECAUSE THE CENTURY is printing those remarkable articles on "Siberia" and the Exile System by George Kennan, which are attracting universal attention and are being reprinted in hundreds of foreign newspapers, but are not allowed to enter Russia. The "Chicago Tribune" says that "no other magazine articles printed in the English language just now touch upon a subject which so vitally interests all thoughtful people in Europe and America and Asia." They are "as judicial as the opinion of a Supreme Court tribunal, — as thrilling as the most sensational drama."

BECAUSE during 1889 THE CENTURY is to have a series of engravings of the greatest pictures of the old Italian masters, made by Timothy Cole, the leading wood-engraver of the world, who has spent four years in Italy on this work; a series of "Strange True Stories of Louisiana," by George W. Cable; occasional richly illustrated papers describing the scenes of the current International Sunday-school lessons; interesting illustrated papers on Ireland, and a series of humorous and pathetic Irish-American stories; a striking illustrated novelette, "The Romance of Dollard," by a new writer, and other novelettes to be announced later; supplemental war papers, untechnical and descriptive of special incidents; "Pictures of the Far West," by Mary Halleck Foote, etc., etc. We have not space here to announce all the new features. Let us send you (free) our "Catalogue of Special Publications" (with original illustrations), containing full prospectus, special offer of back numbers to begin the new volume, is for sale everywhere after Nov. 1st.

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JAKE.—G. X. P. Q. sale! Why, sir, nobody
knows what that is!

DEALER.—Of course they don't, neither do I;
but it'll draw like a mustard plaster. Don't
forget to make the letters large and plain.—
Detroit Free Press.

LAST year California boxed up 1,120,000
pounds of raisins, branded the boxes "London
Layers" and sold the whole weight in Chicago,
New York and New Orleans. They would n't
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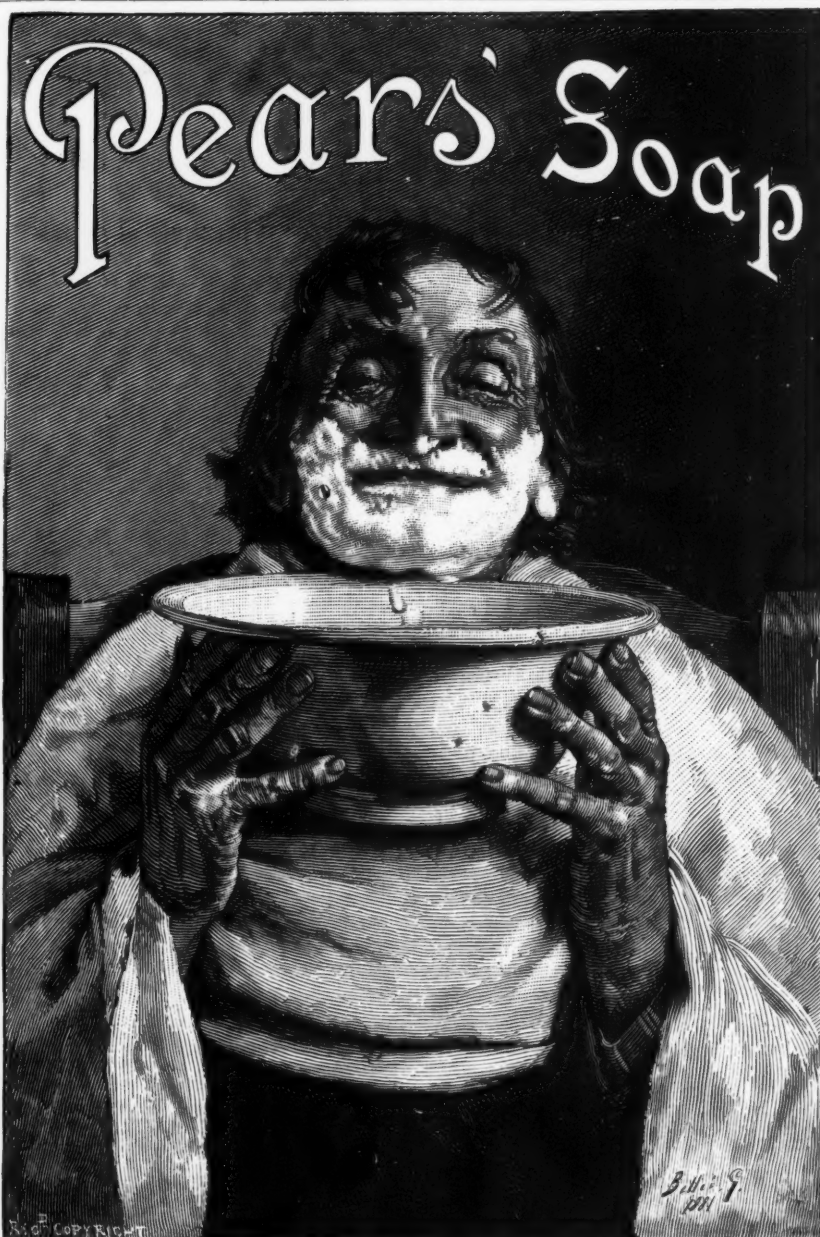
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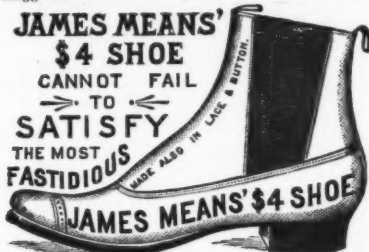


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NAUTICAL.
When chilly's the autumn morn,
The toper doubles the "horn."
—Boston Courier.

In Europe it is customary to leave visiting cards on the graves of poets.—Ex. It would be a good custom to inaugurate here, if one could pick out his poets.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

It is stated that Anna Katherine Green, author of "The Leavenworth Case," and other stories, "writes with a lead pencil." The peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of some literary people are novel, that's a fact. We have heard of an author who writes his stories with a steel pen.—Norristown Herald.

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"Now that we are engaged, George," she said shyly, "it is proper that we should have no secrets from one another. I have loved before, but it only resulted in a breach of promise case."

"And what did you get?" asked George.

"Three thousand dollars."

"Ah, dear, never mind the breach of promise suit. My love is founded upon 'rocks' and will endure." — *Epoch*.

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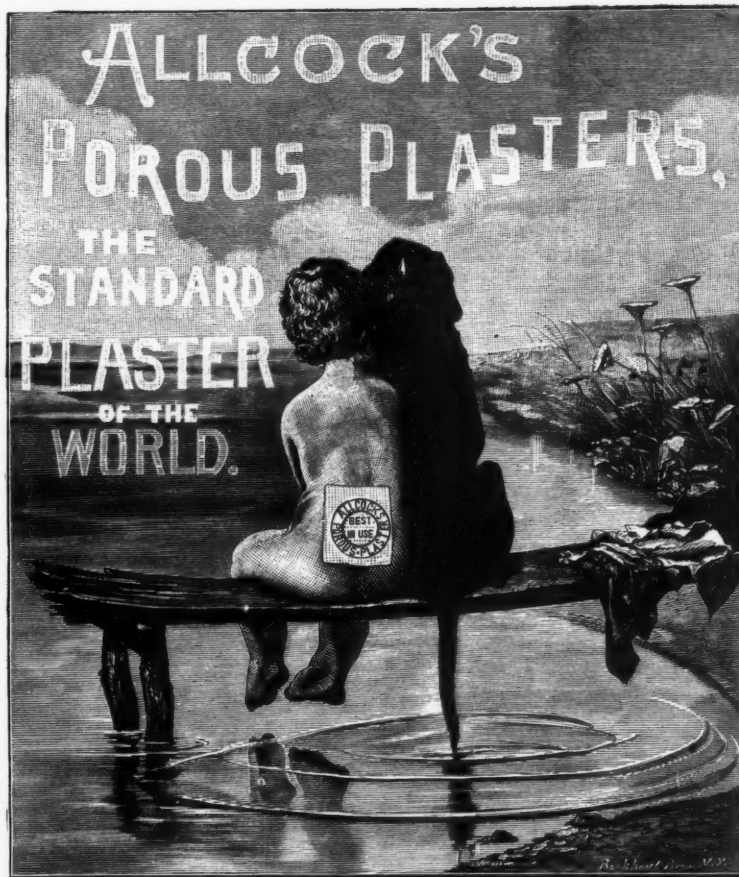
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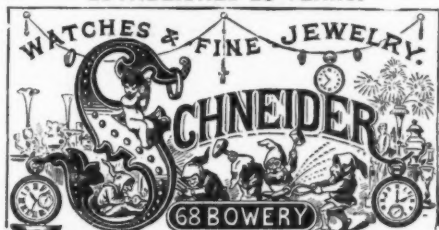
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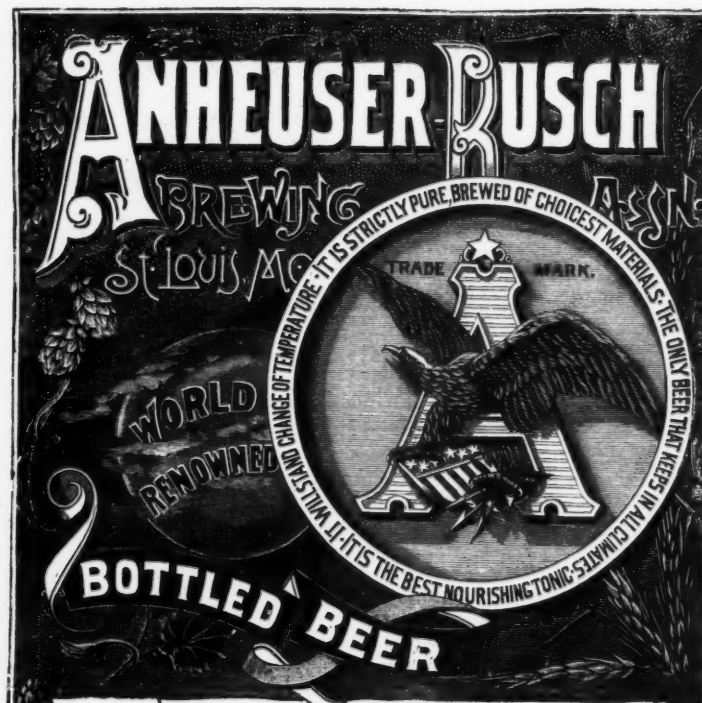


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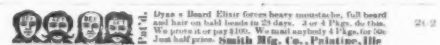
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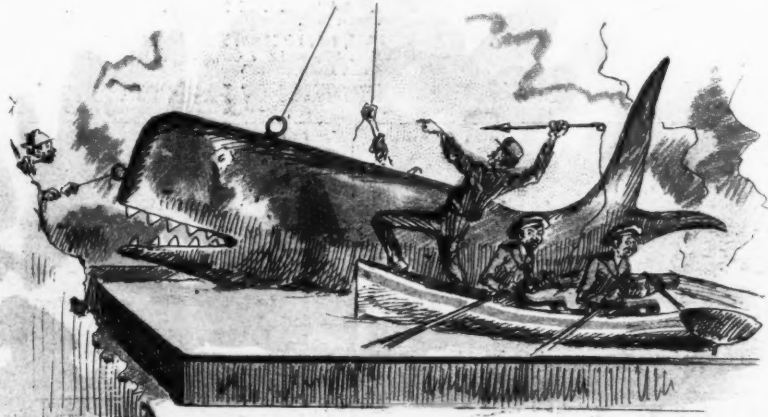
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